

**The lost cause. [Poem on the Confederate states] [n. p.n. d.].**

THE LOST CAUSE

LEE.

DAVIS

JACKSON.

Representing nothing on God's earth now, And naught in the waters below it: As the pledge of a nation that passed away. Keep it dear friend, and show it. Show it to those who will lend an ear To the tale this trifle will tell, Of Liberty born of a patriot's dream, Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores, And too much of a stranger to borrow; We issued to-day our "promise to pay," And hoped to redeem on the morrow. The days rolled on, and weeks became years, But our coffers were empty still; Gold was so scarce, the Treasury quaked If a dollar should drop in the till,

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed, Though our poverty well we discerned. And this little note represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. They knew it had hardly a value in gold, But as gold our soldiers received it; It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay, And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew if it bought our bread to-day, T'was the best our poor Country could do. Keep it, it tells all our history o'er, From the birth of the dream to its last; Modest, and born of the Angel Hope Like our hope of success, **It Passed.**

JOHNSON.

BEAUREGARD.

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